

WEST SAXON

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THE WEST SAXON

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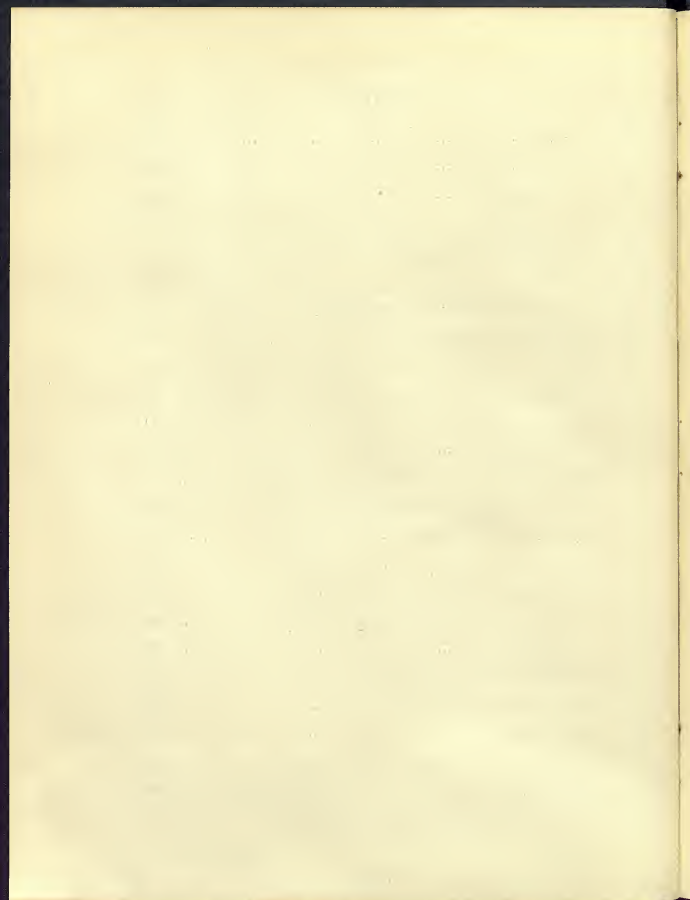
Summer Term, 1935



University College, Southampton.

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
EDITORIAL	53
BRUGES	55
FARLEY MOUNT	59
NOTE ON LIFE	59
ALLIART LITERARILY ADVISES	60
KISMET	63
U.C.S. SUPPLEMENTARY PROSPECTUS	65
THE BROW AND THE FILM	66
SONG	68
PATRIOTISM	69
REPORT	70
DOTTY DITTIES	72
WANDERER'S RETURN, 1934	73
INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY GAMES	75
THE ART OF QUOTATION	77
EPIGRAM	77
"NIGHT THOUGHTS"	78
VALETE	80
"IOLANTHE"	87
CORRESPONDENCE	89
STUDENTS' UNION	91
HALL NOTES	93
ATHLETICS	96
SOCIETIES	100



EDITORIAL.



There are few things more painful than unfulfilled hopes. Many of us came to College with the belief that our course of action was fairly straightforward and easy ; we had only to attend a minimum number of lectures, pass the required examinations, and then we would find employment waiting for us. Now we are beginning to realise how foolish we were and how different the facts really are when we have to meet them face to face. For all we know, our onetime optimism may give way to sad disillusionment, and we shall be the first to blame everyone but ourselves. Our own present condition indeed calls to mind an article that once appeared in this magazine in which the writer argued that this College was only a makeshift, the last resource of teachers and professors whose ambitions had been thwarted in other directions, and the final refuge of students who, unable to partake of the best, had to be content with an inferior substitute. At the time we deeply resented that article ; now we feel that in many respects it was only too true, not in regard to ourselves alone, but in regard to the University body as a whole. One particular instance of this surely stands out as a condemnation of ourselves.

In the December issue of the *West Saxon* we had a special plea to make. We asked that students and staff should give of their utmost, that they should attempt, by whatever means, great or small, to keep alive that spirit which alone can make real university education here possible. We were full of hope then ; we felt that we were calling upon those who would answer our plea with their unbounded support. But our hopes were in vain. Instead of the support for which we asked we got nothing ; instead of improvement there was retrogression. Among other things—and here we come to our own special point—this College was unable to produce a magazine. That in itself is a terrible indictment of our incompetence as a university body. If the fountain-head of the culture, the thought, the opinion and the feeling of a university cannot be given tangible expression, then that university is nothing more than an instrument for cramming passive and uncritical minds with a mechanised

knowledge which they are neither fit nor justified to receive. These are harsh words and some may be angered by them. But unless it can be shown by some visible means that what we have said is substantially untrue, then we shall have to abide by our judgment. To those who agree there are only two alternatives. Either we must accept the situation as it now stands, or we have got to do something about it. In any case the solution lies in the future and we who are going down can do little to help one way or the other even if we wish to. Upon the students who are left then lies the responsibility. If they are to fulfil our hopes that have been so rudely dashed to the ground they must be prepared to make some sacrifices, and, as the President of the Union said in a recent speech, they must sink a certain amount of their individuality for the sake of the College as a whole. If they do that, then perhaps future generations will have no need to complain and criticise as we have done.

We are very sorry indeed that we have been compelled to say all this. Little pleasure can be derived from an expression of dissatisfaction either with oneself or with other people. Yet we feel that, in the light of what happened last term it was our duty to speak plainly, for these opinions are not ours alone, but the opinions of many who have seriously got the welfare of the Union at heart. With this reflection then we bid a sad farewell to College. We would willingly have ended on a different note, but the demands of truth were greater than the demands of sentiment. If we have created the impression, however, that we have only a pessimistic view to offer, we would like to qualify our remarks. Provided that those in office have the support for which we have so frequently solicited, then any fears we may have of the future will quickly vanish. We would therefore ask then, that, for the sake of true learning, where petty factions find no entrance ; for the sake of the university which we are trying to establish ; and for the sake of the new buildings which are making that university a reality, a spirit of real co-operation and real endeavour may arise. With those concluding words we once again say goodbye and wish you good luck.



BRUGES.



CROSS the Grande Place blew the cool breeze of the evening, the calm whisper that follows the setting of the sun in autumn. The last golden shadows had vanished from the front of the Belfry, and no more than half a dozen stall-holders—for it was not market day—were packing up their stalls before retiring to a back-street café for the rest of the evening, calling to each other above the clatter of the cars and trams that drove across the Grande Place.

A man dressed differently from the others in the square walked slowly across the cobbles from the Rue des Pierres. An Englishman without doubt, although in early October few English visitors remained in the city. Without taking much interest in his surroundings, he crossed the Grande Place and made his way towards the canals to the south, and then through Le Dyver to the ancient Gruuthuse where he moved towards the bridge and sat down on the side smoking. It was now nearly dark, and so silent that the only sounds were the occasional hoot of a tram and the chimes which seemed to come at almost every odd moment from the church towers of the city. So absorbed was he in his thoughts that he did not notice the approach of another man whose clothes and bearing seemed also to be English.

The second man sat down on the stone seat of the bridge thoughtfully pulling at his pipe. After a few minutes he took out a match to light it. This awoke the first from his reverie. He looked round and said "Mon Dieu !"

"Oh, so you're English too. I can tell that from your accent. Isn't Bruges lovely when it's not chock full of Englishmen. Do you know it very well ?

The first man, less ready to converse than the second, replied : "No, this is my first visit here."

"I came here as a small boy, and I know the city like a book. It's the place of my dreams at this time of year. I always come here for a week or two at the beginning of October. In spite of what I said about visitors, you know, I'm glad to see another man I can talk to ; my French is no good. I'm staying near the station. Henry James is my name."

"Mine's Gordon," replied the other.

At that moment the carillon from the Belfry began—the same

melody that has rung out for over two hundred years. Both men waited while the huge bell struck eight.

"You know," said James, "This place has peculiar associations for me. It's beautiful here and not cold. Are you ready for a story?" Gordon studied the water of the canal for a moment and then answered: "Of course, that's just what I'd like. It is a sad story? Somehow I can't associate this place with anything else."

"No, it's not exactly sad; in fact parts of it are most joyful to me. But here it is."

Gordon settled down to his pipe and James went on:

"It was nearly ten years ago, when I was finishing my last year at school, that Bruges first comes into the story. For two years previously I'd been working hard on examinations, and I was going up to Oxford in October. I was always rather imaginative and took things to heart more than is good for a boy of eighteen. During the previous six months I had made friends with a girl of my own age. I say made friends, but really I was head over heels in love. I always got on well with Joan and we saw a lot of each other. Sometimes I was terribly afraid that I should never see her again—that she would not want to see me—just forget me, as so often happens at the age of eighteen. I fell ill during September and could not go up to Oxford until the end of October, so that I was advised to take a holiday before the term began. You can imagine how happy I was when she agreed to come to Bruges with me for a fortnight. I was in a world of my own. The very atmosphere seemed at times to keep everything out and leave me to my own thoughts and imaginations.

"I was feeling as happy as this when I landed at Ostend with Joan. Outwardly I had none of the usual symptoms; in fact in her company I was unusually reserved. We stayed with some Belgian friends that I had made during my previous visits to Bruges, and spent most of the time wandering among the canals and back-streets intoxicated by the city. I still get that feeling whenever I come here. It's rather like the glorious ecstasy you feel when you hear great music—Wagner, Beethoven and great composers like that. I don't know whether Joan was affected quite so much, but I could see that she was enchanted with the place.

"The usual round of sight-seeing was not for us; we just liked to feel the atmosphere of the cobbled streets and buildings around us; to look across a sunlit canal towards the Belfry or the Notre Dame spire; suddenly to come across a quaint street corner or a glorious

turn of a canal overhung with trees just beginning to lose their leaves. This in itself was enough. I was often carried completely away by one of these exquisite pictures, so that I forgot even the presence of Joan beside me.

"In the evenings we would come here and talk of all manner of things, but never of ourselves. I had great interests in literature and music, and I had formulated a number of ideas of my own. Although I was young, I had questioned in my mind the existence of a God, the conventional ways of living, and I had a rather doubting attitude towards life in general. It seemed to me that people accepted too many things in life unquestioningly as inevitable. I could not—and my views have not changed—see any inevitability in poverty, pain and, above all, in death. Life in this world—and I do not believe that there is any other—is the greatest thing.

"One night towards the end of our stay, we were sitting here just as you and I sit here now, I noticed that Joan's replies were less ready than usual. She hesitated, and did not seem to be taking much interest. I asked her if she were tired of Bruges. At this she replied more warmly than before that never in her life would she be that. Then hesitatingly, for I hated talking in this strain, I asked if she were tired of my company. No, it was not that. So, thinking that it might be the cold air, I suggested that we should go back to where we were staying.

"The next morning things were worse. Joan seemed apathetic to everything. I asked her what was the matter. Then the blow fell. She said that after we got home she did not want to see me any more. Did she dislike me? No she did not dislike me; but there it was, I must go my own way. I tried persuasion but to no avail. That day I went about Bruges thinking how drab the buildings were; how pretentious the churches and Belfry; and how noisy the inhabitants, cackling to each other in a language that I did not understand. This passed off as the day wore on. The unclean streets were merely the rotten parts of life; the Belfry and churches shewed what magnificent enjoyment there is in living, and the garbage floating in in the canals was only the misfortunes trying, and in some places succeeding, in spoiling the whole scheme of things.

"On arriving back in England, I went straight to Oxford. I wrote to Joan, but received only scanty chronicles of events at home in reply. In the vacations I did not try to see her, and at the end of three years I got a job a long way from home.

"But I never gave up hope. I never forgot that holiday and

did not let the unpleasant side of it eat into my mind. I am not thirty, yet I feel an old man, full of experience, and, in spite of my material position—which is unquestionably good—a man with a grievance against the world. Every year since I left Oxford I have have come to Bruges at this time of year. It may seem a sentimental thing to do, but I have not enough will-power to stop myself doing it. And so here I am now."

He stopped for a moment, and filled his pipe. Gordon was engrossed in the other man's tale. He gazed at the water and poked at the cracks in the stonework of the bridge with his stick. Neither man spoke for some minutes. Then James went on :

"That is not the end of the story. Four nights ago, I was sitting here thinking of that night, when in the middle of my reverie I was astonished to hear footsteps coming across Le Dyver towards the bridge. No one was in sight, but the footsteps got nearer. Then round the corner appeared a woman of about my own age. I could not see her face plainly, but her figure seemed familiar. The moon cast a shadow across the far side where she was walking—walking very slowly towards me. She stumbled weakly over the cobbles, halting in her step. As soon as she moved out of the shadow I saw her face. It was Joan. By then she was within a few feet of me. I rushed forward as she fell on to the stones. When I had recovered from the shock, I went to pick her up. She was not there, but in my gropings I came across this tiny pendant. It was one she had lost ten years ago."

James held up a small gold pendant, and Gordon looked at it carefully for a moment. But he said nothing.

"Every night since then I have come here hoping to see something again," James went on slowly, "But I have seen nothing."

"What was her surname?" asked Gordon.

"Why do you ask that? Do you think you know her? Do you know where she is? Her name was Munday—Joan Munday." James was excited by now.

"Yes I knew her. She was my wife. It was her wish that I should visit Bruges, the one place she adored. She died four nights ago."



FARLEY MOUNT.



BEAUTY ceased summoning on the quiet hill.
Quietness crept nearer with silent step until
My heart was all at peace : and then within my heart
The green dusk flowed in softly, and I in laughter sought
Within myself the answer to the Spring.

There shone Orion who strides the windy sky.
There the hills were lonely and the bare fields full of peace,
And we so high above the earth that we could see with ease
The green and yellow valleys to the blue hills far away.

And in the gathering twilight we sat and talked until
We were closed in together by the quiet from the hill,
And though our words were spoken, I thought our spirits sang,
Until at last we left the fire and to the street went down,
And you spoke the words with quiet as you quietly went by :
"There shines Orion, who strides the windy sky."

NOTE ON LIFE.



THE only and overhung design
what is it ?
All the prophets have asked
and reining each his steed
tied him to the proud name of a god.

And underneath
the earlier clay grew hard
and clustered,
beaten into rock
and mites multiplied in cheese
and the thought-conceived moved wombwards
from the first beginning of life
to the high gates of birth.

And stranger was the first thrust out of hand,
first calm lifting of the voice
of perception being born
than all the heirarchies of heaven,
glowing beyond reason
in the feverish springs of belief.

ALLIART LITERARILY ADVISES.



LITERARY men of former days used to plunge in 'medias res,' a useful principle which cuts out much empty phraseology.

The Audience.

Writer, you have first to consider your audience. Study "Bubbles" or "The Potting Journal" and you will see what I mean. Well now, what must you lay or cast before readers of the *West Saxon*?

Disregarding any specious claims they may make to intellectual preeminence, grasp this. They are a Corporate Body.

Corporate Body.

This subject is best treated in "Letters to the Editor." You will point out that Refectory and the "Bungalow" should not be the only places for U.C.S. to get together. You will sigh for greater pools at elections of Union officials, larger attendances at Society meetings and more effort to comprehend the Constitution (May edition).

Poetry.

Poetry is always welcome in theory, and in practice too. For nothing shows off a gaunt wood-cut or an elegant piece of scroll work to such advantage as a few verses. The art of poetry is exceedingly tortuous but I may mention a few cardinal rules. Remember that verse of the 'greeting card' variety is plebeian. Poetry for a University magazine must be either (1) above or (2) below (i.e. Very simple : Art conceals Art) that level.

(1) Do not use long words, but do not be hackneyed in your vocabulary. Be intense, almost mystical. If you can write of Love's Despairing Yearning, so much the better : i.e.

"Pink slats of wraith furl on the sky rim,
My one great instant of immensity
Swings to me, and the gathered soul
Purrs at the prospect of communion."

(2) Simple verse no longer treats of little Lucy and her kittens from the pitying viewpoint of an adult. Rather is the contrary true. e.g.

"We're the funny little bunnies.
Whoopee ! that fat man's nose does shine."

In most cases Humorous Verse is not. If you cannot write it do not try.

Short Story.

This literary form is much appreciated. It may (a) Have a plot (b) Not have a plot.

(a) The supernatural has been prominent of late. Here is a good opening.

"Spring !" coughed the little man venomously, "I hate spring !"

MacThrush stayed the hand that was lifting a tankard to his lips and there was unbelief in his voice as he asked :

"Is that so ?"

You go on to describe the little man. He is probably too ordinary for words except for his eyes, or his left ear or perhaps a flowered waistcoat. In the space I have I cannot give the rest of the story ; at least you have a good start, O writer.

(b) In this type of short story you may describe the mental observations of a taxi driver in London traffic, or of a chorus girl dancing in the second row. The cab or the dance help to give movement to this type of tale. e.g.—"Funny, all these lights. Must cost a mint o' money, but there ! they get it all back in trade *and* more. Queer old lady there talking to the Robert ; up from Devonshire or Yorkshire probably. And old Nelson, he don't bother himself much up there. Gosh ! what a fog !"

Articles.

Do not be disheartened by the fact that everything has been *done* before. Write what you will. Anything about SEX would be read if accepted. This fact would, however, be a doubtful tribute to your merits as a stylist. Yet a page might be filled entertainingly on the border-line subject "College-Life." Subject matter can be barely indicated here. "Debating : The Point of Order," or "Who IS the Board of Education ?" may reasonably expect to appear in print. "The New Library" will certainly be inserted if the time is ripe, and if nobody has written a better article than you, and if the Editor does not grieve for lost radiators. (He doesn't ! Ed.). Essays on "Shelley as a Biblical Scholar," or "The Night Life of Algae (Algy)" are perhaps best received by the societies interested in those topics.

Quotations.

Contributors of apt quotations stand in small need of encourage-

ment, but when you, gentle writer, submit these gobbets from the masters, bear in mind :

(a) That you may be personal if your quotation is exaggerated or substantially untrue, i.e.

Pr-f-ss-r C-ck. "He had a face like a benediction."
—*Cervantes*.

(b) That if you submit a singularly appropriate quotation about a comparative unknown, it may be printed, but will cause annoyance to two or three distinguished or notorious people who think that they ought to have been ridiculed too.

(c) Quotations should not as a rule be too familiar to "the general." Modern authors might be drawn on more frequently. e.g. :

Debating Society Member : "For six minutes he spoke cryptically."—(*Edgar Wallace*, "Again the Ringer.")

Interviews.

Reports of interviews fill some space in most journals. For most readers of the *West Saxon* some interest might attach to "Mr. Blank explains how he obtained a First," "Miss West's Invitation to our Interviewer," "Warden Repudiates Fines System."

Discretion should be used in the tone of the article. e.g. Do not commence : "Next year's President of the Students' Union revealed to me over a table at the 'Black Duck'"

Style.

An elevated and dignified style is difficult to sustain. Watch your proofs for sentences such as "That piteous puppy sentiment still implores at our heels but he is chained to the limbs of the past in company with the Squire's daughter, Sir Jasper and Tom Fearless."

APPENDIX.

Club Notices.

Club notes often make reading matter of small interest. A more spirited and anecdotal treatment would not only remedy this fault, but might in certain cases be made to assume the form of a recruiting advertisement.

Extract from Cricket Team Notes.

"It was remarked that the first four men out made poor displays and seemed anxious to leave the wicket. A blonde young lady in the Pavilion was seen to be sympathising warmly with all four. Our

opponents escaped defeat by 216 to 51. Four men missed the train home."

Conclusions.

The etymology of 'conclusion' is apparently "a shutting with." It is well not to think too much about writing an elegant conclusion or "leaving a thought with the reader." If the body of your contribution is not pleasing "shutting forthwith" is preferable.



KISMET.

LIFE like a taper glows,
A brief moment of delight,
Flicker with fitful light,
And then is quenched in oceans of eternity ;
We borrow hastening hours of joy and pain
From Time, who with a mocking usury
Snatches them back again :
Day follows night, and evening follows after,
Year succeeds year with woe, Death's mocking laughter
Rings in our ears with ever harsher tone.

Blindly we stumble on, yet not alone,
For Heaven bestrewn our undeserving path
With fragrant petals from eternal flowers,
And solitary hours
Are filled with loveliness and splendour ;
Sorrow, like mists on woodland pools at dawn,
Dissolves before the warmth and wonder
Of our spirit's light, and Time draws reign
While life flows calmly and more sweetly on.

We pause awhile to see where we have gone,
Trace with vague Memory's light
The path, fast dimming to our sight,
Where we have toiled through shades and horrid fears,
A spectre path, with ghosts of doubt and gloom
And terrors of our childhood, wet with the tears
Of momentary griefs which loom,
Pale wraiths of fancy from the misty past,
And seem too frail to have aghast
Imagination's soul with such immensity.

Then unafraid we face eternity,
And tread the path of fate with firmer step,
Through heavy-scented gardens of delight,
Where flowers and trees and shrubs are all aflame
With lovely blossoms, fadeless as the light
Of Heaven itself ; where all the livelong day
Is heard a murmurous melody, the same
That through all ages stirred the poet's heart
To pour into the air his songs of love ;
Until we reach the bourn where we must part
For one brief instant, till we meet again,
Beyond the mystery of Death and pain,
In that great love which is eternal and divine.



THE PRESIDENT-ELECT, BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

And a little child shall lead them.—*Isaiah*.

P. C--MB-S.

Four-square he stood and filled the place,
His huge hands and his jolly face
Were red.—*Armstrong*.

D. H-NDL-Y.

He had a mouth to quaff
Pint after pint : a sounding laugh,
But wheezy at the end.—*Armstrong*.

U. C. S.
SUPPLEMENTARY PROSPECTUS.

The College. Comprises a fine collection of buildings blending brick with wood in a unique manner. The grounds are circuted by a motor track. A striking feature of the main building is the well ventilated corridor, the decoration of which is left to the students, and others.

Lectures. Begin shortly after breakfast and end shortly after lunch.

Refectory. The diet of students, especially those from the Orient, is well considered. Ample choice is provided, for meals may be had, warm, luke-warm, cold or in paper bags. Blackboards are used to avoid misunderstanding.

New Hall. One mile from College. Near tow-path. Students eat, drink, and are merry during breakfast, dinner, and Silence Periods respectively. Students may work at all hours. Only drawback : near Stoneham.

Stoneham. One mile from College. Near Church. Institution of similar aims whose inmates are well cared for. Students are allowed to eat, drink, and be merry (within the meaning of the act) provided they do not jeopardize their position by offending under the Constitution, which is repeatedly defined. Students may not work at all hours.

Highfield. Near College. Select residential neighbourhood. Some students work at all hours. For the convenience of those who do not a waiting room is provided for friends.

Advice on choosing a Hall.


Men. Depends rather upon prospective career than present tastes.

Women. Preferably Highfield.

DR. P-TT-R.

Revolving in a perpetual cycle of declensions, conjugations, syntaxes and prosodies.—*Lamb*.

THE BROW AND THE FILM.

HE Film, my dear Sir, is not a trade or a business ; it is an ART.' And like every other art, it is divided into camps called 'brows,' to the loftiest of which the author of the above remark, seen emerging æsthetically from a Film Society meeting, and talking 'technique,' obviously belonged.

This talk of 'technique'—what is its real significance? Its importance is that only by a good technique can any film hope to be an artistic as well as a commercial success. In its widest sense, the word implies treatment of the bare bones of the material so as to produce the required effect upon the audience. Where the artistic and commercial aspects part company is in the kind of effect to be produced. Some effects need no technique.

Let us look at some popular films. Take 'The Man who knew too much' and Edgar Wallace's 'The Green Pack.' Both aimed at, and were sufficiently convincing to produce for the time, that 'willing suspension of disbelief' which prevents the audience from thinking, 'but this is impossible.' They had unity of conception and execution, due to efficient technique, as did another fine film, 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street.' Contrast 'The Private Life of Cha . . . '—you see what I mean? Charles Laughton in so many Episodes or Acts, Wife I, Wife II, etc.—a commercially successful film made expressly to exploit Laughton's histrionic powers, thereby precluding any real unity.

This celluloid hotch-potch shows clearly the greatest enemy of film progress—the actor, or rather, perhaps, the actress—your Garbos and Arlisses. The whole trouble began through the influence of the stage. The phrase 'Film-play' lingers on yet. We were advancing towards the idea of a distinct film technique, and beginning to cut intelligently, when sound came in and brought back with it the old stage traditions. Now we are just beginning to realise that the film is not primarily the medium for the spoken word ; this, in spite of the word 'talkie,' is the theatre's province. The asynchronous sound is more important than the synchronous.

The question of the wrong use of synchronous sound, and of players with 'poisonality,' raises the issue of realism. Realism in its strict sense is impossible in art. A meticulous reproduction of life would be hissed off any stage. A verbatim police-court report is not tragedy, though it may contain the elements from which a tragedy could be built. Art is not a cheap substitute for life, but an interpre-

tation of it—a selection of facts, words, ideas, sounds, or pictures to produce a certain effect. It is what the penetrative insight of the artist has seen in life. Hence every art has its own peculiarities, which are both restrictions, and, for the genius, subtle means of expression. We must accept the conventions of the film as we do of those of the stage. Our generation can to some extent do so. The older generation of critics, bred in the conservative conventions of the stage, finds it hard.

But acceptance is not enough ; any really thorough attempt to *employ* those conventions is still to come. Slow-motion, for instance, is still looked on rather as 'trick-photography,' more useful in sports and instructional films, than as a useful means of expression—the 'close-up in time' Pudovkin calls it. Three sentences from Pudovkin state the position neatly. 'To show something as everyone sees it is to have accomplished *nothing*.' 'The Director builds up his own "filmic" time and "filmic" space.' 'Between the natural event and its appearance on the screen there is a marked difference. *It is exactly this difference that makes the film an art.*' And it is here that the job of the individual artist begins. The film possesses almost illimitable possibilities of technique over the narrow and outworn mannerisms of the stage. But as yet we lack a film genius of sufficient stature to exploit these possibilities to the full.

Here is the crux of the matter. Like cheap Dance tunes, films whose subjects, like ninety per cent. of American 'comedies,' are bunk, can be turned out according to a cut and dried formula. (N.B., Contrast the freshness and individuality of the best French comedies). The necessary unity of action and technique in such films needs no genius to mould it. Huge staffs mass produce the things. Hence, films whose unity is not in mere narration, but in an idea—like the Christian pacifism of 'The World Moves on,' or in a mood, like 'Brumes d'Automne,' are very rare. Films of the first rank, like 'The Constant Nymph' or 'Poil de Carotte,' combining the presentation of a certain idea, or view of life, with a sympathetic æsthetic setting, are rarer still. When more men like René Clair and Flaherty can have the sole direction of a film, select their own camera angles, their own sets, their own lighting, their own actors (who need never have acted before—the director can get all he wants by skilful direction and cutting if necessary), but above all when they can supervise this last stage, the cutting or editing, and sack fifty per cent. of their staffs, then we may see more films like 'Man of Aran' and 'A Nous la Liberté.'

All the brows alike are enemies of film progress ; the lowbrow

because he wants the sort of stuff that breeds a stereotyped conservative technique ; the highbrow because he likes any film that gives him the chance to talk unintelligible jargonistic nonsense—films like ‘Morgenrot,’ with technique and nothing else ; and the midbrow because he doesn’t care two hoots what he gets provided he can prove himself a clever, broad-minded fellow, and get the laugh both on these darn fanatics, these confounded serious people.

SONG.



HEARD a thousand singing birds wake singing in the trees,
And a myriad voices singing, ah, sweeter far than these.
A single bat flew blindly against the blue night sky,
And the earth lay drowned in darkling sleep,
In solitude was I.

They sang of the day that is breaking beyond the skyline in the east,
They sang in a choir together, man, earth and bird and beast,
They sang of the stars and the quiet hills and the child who suckles
the breast,
And the little red flower on the moorhen’s wing as she swims to her
April nest.

And they sang of the rain in the sedges, the raindrops wet on the
leaves,
And the ripple of grass and water, and shadows that shadow weaves,
Of the loveliness common to all mankind,
And of ugliness that deceives.
And I turned, and my heart was singing, and filled with a high white
pain,
Because of the wealth of beauty that belongs to a million men.



MISS ST-LL-RD.

A hart I have besides all this,
That hath my heart and I have his.—*Wiat.*

G. C. S-LSBY.

A wit with dunces and a dunce with wits.—*Pope.*

ENGINEERS’ CAMP.

The great unwashed.—*Brougham.*

PATRIOTISM.



ENGLAND I love. I love the country, "England,"
 Her pensive seascape, mist-enshrouded cities ;
 The friendly dignity of little towns ;
 The intimate primness of her countryside,
 With its softly-varied tints of virgin green ;
 The Winter sunlight smiling on English hills ;
 The early Spring, elusive and capricious,
 Her pranks of sunny showers and gales, with all
 The promise of her dawns, tender-eyed ;
 The Summer curtseying in English gardens ;
 The English Autumn, mother-like, caressing
 With golden lullaby her drowsing woodlands
 Before their Winter Sleep.
 I love the folk of England, those that love
 The simple things of life ; I love their humour,
 The ideals that they hide within their hearts.
 I love the English Woman, dignified
 Yet ever tender,—mothers, wives, and girls,
 Who keep their hearts but for their greatest loves,
 Mysterious, but in giving, generous.
 I love the things that Englishmen have given
 To England and the World : the Poetry,
 The Freedom, Justice, and Humanity.
 These things are England. Justly am I proud
 Because of these to be an Englishman,
 And gladly would I die if by my death
 This England might be saved.
 But I deplore that men should think of England
 As Wealth and Power, and Something to be feared,
 Whose Honour is but measured in the terms
 Of warlike strength and pride,—the brazen threat
 To crush her rivals in the Mart of Power,
 And play a blustering part in War's destruction.
 If this above all other things be England,
 Then let me be a Man, before I claim
 England my Fatherland.
 Let England's Power be shown by England's Honour ;
 Let England lead the bewildered World to Peace,
 By fostering fair goodwill and honesty,
 By renouncing Fear, Suspicion, and the Tools
 Of Selfish wealth and warlike vanity.
 Then were I proud to know my England's Pride
 To be as fair as her sweet countryside.

REPORT.

LITTLE credence should be placed in this resumé, which is too typical to have happened in fact.

MAY 30TH. The Committee assembled between 5 and 5.30 p.m. in the usual place. Mr. Cranium inaugurated the proceedings by moving that the notice announcing the meeting, which was now out of date, be removed from the notice-board. The Vice-President seconded the motion, which was thus carried unanimously (5.4) and its execution assigned to Miss Wiggins.

The meeting then proceeded to consider section IX (following the handbook notation of I III V VI VII VIII) or section VII (ipso facto) subsection 3. "The Council shall have power to decide which Societies shall continue to be Union societies at the end of each session."

The President (5.6) approached the reconstitution of this important clause by exposing its lack of clarity and offensive tone. It often arose, he pointed out, that at the end of session the Council did not have a quorum and was thus placed in an unsatisfactory position with a view to the regimentation of subsidiary bodies, which were liable to be left in uncertainty as to their corporateness or corporality. Because (a) If the Council lacking the proper quorum deleted or tried to delete any society, it could not do so effectively. (b) In practice, however, no such attempt ever being made, they were left with the anomaly that any society could at the beginning of a session consider itself to be existent or on the other hand non-existent, according as to whether they deemed that due to the fact of no meeting with a due quorum having been held to decide on the question, they were authorised by precedent or unauthorised in a strict constitutional sense to be corporate.

Mr. Flax, interposing, stated that in this state of affairs he would suggest that some form of life low in the evolutionary scale be informally allotted to such societies at the close of each session to enable its subsistence to be assured until the motor force of the Council's consent could give it full embodiment.

The President, resuming, stated that he was, he hoped, supported by the rest of the society in his wish to be content with as few compromises as possible and that they should endeavour to reach some more effective ruling before falling back on untried makeshifts.

The wording of the clause, he continued, was unsatisfactory, as it implied distrust of the societies concerned on the one hand, and

by over emphasis on the other implied a belief of the Council in its own weakness. He suggested the substitution of the words "shall decide."

The Vice-President remarked that there was some difference in the implication between the implication of the expression as it stood and that suggested by the President.

Mr. Glue agreed, but submitted that the true point at issue was not raised by the suggested amendment. The point he took it, was that in the case of the Ornithological Society holding bottle-parties in lecture rooms (laughter), it could, if thought necessary, be stigmatised by suspension. Now in the clause no mention was made of suspension, only of continuation. He suggested a reading "shall cease to be Union Societies."

Mr. Flax, interposing, put forward the view that in that case, as this was to be purely a question of stigma, words should be, or might be added to the clause to qualify this amendment such as "until the opening of next session." The corporateness so much desired would not be unduly disturbed by placing such stigma on the society concerned, which could be re-invested or re-incorporated or not, as desired, at the opening of the new session.

The President, resuming, suggested that the amendments proposed continued to imply a certain weakness in the power of the Council to do anything of the kind and that whilst all were apparently agreed the clause was not satisfactory, the sum of the amendments put forward was practical nullity. "Itur ad astra," and if this was to be true of themselves some more definite reading should be devised.

Miss Prate suggested for such new reading "The Council can delete any society at will."

No one was found to second this proposal which was therefore abandoned (6.2).

Before the meeting was adjourned the Vice-President advanced a motion which she had formulated, to be provisionally accepted for discussion at the next meeting. The suggestion was agreed to by a show of hands and the silent approval of Mr. Stint who appeared to be in deep meditation. It read "The Council, in the event of reaching a decision, shall have power to decide at the end of each session which Societies shall continue or cease to be Union Societies all the year round."

Mr. Flax observed that the phraseology of the motion left something to be desired.

The President remarked that no doubt points of detail could be discussed at a subsequent meeting.

Meeting adjourned at 6.19.

P. N. P. STINT. (*Recorder*).



DOTTY DITTIES.



WE take English and are so romantic
And we simply detest the pedantic,
At our 'language' we slave,
At our Gothic we rave,
And our finals will drive us all frantic.

We're a boisterous class mathematic
Plus a maiden petite and ecstatic,
When nobody knows,
She just stands on her toes
And construes in tones high and emphatic.

We love our Geography hut
Whose windows, alack, fail to shut !
So with water 'in vacuo,'
We freeze 'in toto,'
And the gas fire's sure to go phut !

We learn French and we don't care a bit,
Though we've done less than half of our lit.,
We're disturbed by 'the cads,'
Those gay 'German' lads,
Who hail swots with the cry of 'you twit !'

Sing ho, for the tough engineers !
We inspire the maidens with fears,
We steal all their bikes,
Try to look like Bill Sykes,
And dispose of innumerable beers.

And now I have finished my ditty,
Of maidens—scholastic—not pretty,
Of U.C.S. beaux,
Who tread on their teaux
In the hall dont le floor est tout gritty.

WANDERER'S RETURN, 1934.



HESE?—the musings of a greybeard of '14 whose gratitude goes out to certain student guides of South Stoneham House, Summer Course, 1934.

A kindly place, that hall of residence, and peaceful, wisely ruled and cared for. My thanks to matron and her staff. My good wishes to her in her retirement.

Twenty years since one now baldish pate dipped a forgotten red cap under the shadow of certain stone gods.

Where a guard of honour once stood, a new College has arisen. Stones! remember the khaki lines which honoured your rebirth! They were students of Hartley, members of the khaki brethren, and many of them are—dust and warm remembrance.

They passed but the creed is—a student and a gentleman worthy of a young and rising College.

Where are the Normal students now? Strangely one misses them; two year men—a cheery crowd, watchers of the bun boy's tray and fond of good beer.

Bun boy?—He has followed his masters.

In his place a refectory where one can tender a tram ticket at the rush hour and get a lunch; with luck, two lunches.

Not all new though! Certain desks well carved. Look after carved names, Hartley! Many of the hands which carved will never carve again.

They—were and are not.

A stranger to me in certain ways the student of '34, yet a prince of good fellows who can see past the tubby baldness of bulky middle age and recognize the student who was, and is, his brother.

A lover of swot—"Gil and Fergie"—don't smile!—dwelling at peace with his neighbour, surrounded by pictures containing unbroken glass and sitting on chairs boasting four legs.

Matron, too, and a hall of residence supersedes a landlady, "digs" and the nightly "cats' chorus." Williams! Bradbury and Fred, my own friend whose eyes looked on the Somme unafraid till the end came—behold the polished floors, the neatness and the decorum of it all!

Examination lists still, pinned up in places where the abhorring eye must needs see them.

I suppose when the last university shivers into the dust of

judgment day a grim-faced professor will still be busy, classifying the shades in order of merit by the light of the eternal fires.

Well, courses end and days string each to each like beads. Students come and go but year by year the *Gobli* rings out afresh to awaken the echoes of years which the locust hath eaten.

I raise my glass and drink in silence to the Student guide, the best of good fellows, and to—Hartley.

X.G. '14.



THE CHEMISTRY LAB.

I counted two and seventy stenches
All well defined, and several stinks.—*Coleridge*.

MISS B. J-NKS.

It would talk,
Lord, how it talked !—*Beaumont*.

MISS F. M. B-RN-S.

She would rather talk with a man than an angel any day.
—*O. W. Holmes*.

R. C. KN-GHT.

He was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes.
—*Macaulay*.

V. J. B-RN-S.

(a) How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away.—*Gay*.

(b) Had sighed to many though he loved but one.—*Byron*.

I. P--RCY.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.—*Love's Labour's Lost*.

THE INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY GAMES, BUDAPEST.

"THE HOLIDAY OF A LIFETIME."



HE intelligent traveller is always seeking new pastures. Much has been heard of the Danube in poetry and song, but distance and cost normally preclude exploration of the river that inspires great music, and of its cities, Vienna and Budapest.

The undergraduate in particular, cannot always afford the price of the journey, great as may be his longing to travel. But this time when the Hungarian Government is trying to help, in a measure generous enough to make a visit to Vienna and Budapest possible at a cost equal to the rail fare alone, the longing may be realised.

In August selected teams of student athletes from forty different nations will compete in the Sixth International University Games to be held this year in Budapest. The "Queen of the Danube" has been chosen mainly because of its special facilities for holding such a meeting, but also because of its delightful climate and scenery and for the variety of interests which, together with watching world athletes, combine to make a glorious holiday.

It is in the hope of raising a party of supporters in the British universities to encourage British competitors that I have come to England as representative of the Hungarian students. Thanks to the N.U.S. an organisation is working in each university, and I hope to visit your Union and discuss with all interested members the plans which have been made to ensure the popularity and success of the proposed holidays in my country.

Several tours have been tentatively planned jointly by the English and Hungarian N.U.S., to visit these great cities of Central Europe in August, to cruise on the Rhine and Danube, to stay in Budapest and attend the Games there, at an all-inclusive cost of some £15. This price will provide all necessities and include day trips to Munich, Salzburg and Vienna, a river trip from Vienna to Budapest, a free pass to the Games, days on Lake Balaton (Hungary's inland sea), visits to the countryside and the prairies with their cowboys and gipsies, and, on the return journey, a cruise down the Rhine to Coblenz.

The glories of Vienna may be on the wane but few Englishmen would pass them by without experiencing a taste of them. They will

enjoy spending a night in this city of waltzes whose previous gaiety may now be dimmed by political strife, but never quite extinguished. The long cruise from there to Budapest on the majestic river itself is a delight. Then Salzburg, a city of gleaming spires and ecclesiastical tradition, set in her mountain frame, needs no introduction to the student of history, and it certainly needs no specialised "school" to appreciate the greatness of Munich, still far from being ashamed of her great first-born—Glorious Beer! And lastly, the Rhine from Mainz to Coblenz offers a unique contrast to its twin river, the warmer and more affectionate Danube, as the boat drifts past vineyards, ancient castles and the Lorelei rock of immortal legend.

Budapest itself is more than worthy of a prolonged visit—it compels it. The Prince of Wales went there in February for two days and stayed six. By day attractive excursions and numerous sports can be enjoyed, and at night there is the inescapable spell of this city of romance. In Pest, the cosmopolitan night life, reminiscent of the faded triumph of Paris and Vienna adds a peculiarly charming flavour of its own. Jangled nerves are soothed by the fiddle of a great Tzigane leader and by the soft scent of leaves and flowers. Here, too, Tokay, king of wines, produces a drowsy appreciation of the glories of Life, while, if you are a lucky man, those entrancing eyes of your vivacious companion across the table, lead you later to gaze across the gently lapping waters to Buda—romantic old Buda of jagged cliffs, the lofty copper dome of the Royal Palace silhouetted vividly against the brilliant night sky.

Such is the *venue* for the Games. The importance of this great international event grows yearly with every meeting when records are equalled and broken by contesting 'varsity men gathered from every nation. The students of Hungary send you a sincere invitation and extend a warm welcome to you in the hope that you will take advantage of this unique opportunity to see their country and accept their proffered hospitality.

JOHN VAGO,
*Representative in Great Britain of the
National Union of Hungarian Students.*



THE ART OF QUOTATION.



MOST pernicious habit, this quoting ; I prithee, avoid it. 'Tis putting old cloth on new garments, a piecing out of thy wit with another man's invention. Thou dost batten on the crumbs from thy forefathers' feast of letters, and dost starve the child of thine own imagination. He that doth likewise, collecteth dead petals to make a new rose, and letteth the rose of his own inspiration fade ere it blooms, even as the grass withers beneath the rays of the noon-day sun. To the bones of the present he addeth the ashes of the past, but he knoweth not how to breathe into them the spirit of life. Borrowed plumes make not fine birds, nor parings of ancient writers fine works. Dally not along that primrose path, nor fear to cast thy pearls before swine. There are, I grant thee, certain periodical occasions,—about thrice yearly—when it is meet that thou shouldst sacrifice thine originality, and render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, in order to appease the righteous indignation of the gods. But these labours of so many weary hours reek ever of the lamp ; they are whited sepulchres, dazzling without, and dust within ; infinite airy nothings crowded in a little space. Be that as the destinies decree. Yet at all other times, I would beg thee to thine own self be true, that thou may'st stand up and say to all the world "I am that I am ; I owe to no man the apparel of my speech." Let these few precepts live always in thy memory. Watch ever thy darling reputation, and whether thou chooseth to quote or not to quote, remember that quotation shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

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EPIGRAM.

Puellæ quæ ludis campestribus quattuor pocula argentea merita est.



LUREA dum tria poma petit Schoenëia virgo
nequiquam pernix victa reversa domum ;
quattuor argenti fers cursu pocula victrix,
argentoque redis dives, at illa viro.

Lur'd by three shining apples of pure gold,
Swift Atalanta lost the race of old :
But thou, fair maid, more fortunate than she,
Hast won to-day a fourfold victory,
And dost receive four silver cups as well !
Yet if we trust what ancient poets tell
Thou art poorer too, in spite of thy swift pace :
She won a husband tho' she lost the race.

"NIGHT THOUGHTS."



THE black shapes of the trees cut themselves off from the light of the sky. The light glowed green and blue behind the trees, deep without limit, going far off into space. Space itself was there behind the black outlines of the trees. But the brightness went out of the sky and houses and telegraph wires closed in upon her, and Miss Howard turned away and went home.

She stood by her bedroom window an hour later, looking out at the dark soft sky, blue and starry. How they hurt, the evenings that were loveliest of all—like the wine grapes of Tantalus, always beyond reach, full of knowledge that she never dared to pluck. That was odd, wine and night. How alike they were in sound. And how alike they were, both cool and clear and smooth flowing. But there was something crisper about night. It was crispness that made the stars crackle with light and the moving air sting. How tantalizing these blue nights were. The grey nights did not tease. When the sky was cold and indifferent, darkness came down on the houses and she could sleep without thinking of anything outside. But when the night seemed to smile tranquilly over secrets, and the darkness was bright with hidden radiance, there was no slumbering her mind into sleep, and Miss Howard wanted to be out on the other side of the chimney stacks.

There was a row of books by the bedhead, by older writers, roamers and night wanderers of the last century, Borrow, Stevenson. Miss Howard did not like the newer people. Night seemed to give them the queer aching feeling that it gave her, and they upset her. She didn't want to be upset. She wanted just to be awake through a whole summer's night, out under the sky, and enjoy it with the tranquillity of R. L. S. smoking his pipe in his sleeping bag on the Cevennes.

Miss Howard spent her holidays looking for the place she would choose for her great adventure. She knew just the sort of place where the night would be loveliest. There would be miles of open country, not flat but open to the view, and no overhanging trees or rocks where strange shadows would be scaring. She joined a walking Club and spent some thirty days a year walking on hills and downs where she longed to walk on through the night. But they were always dropping down to their halting place as the sun went down, and Miss Howard was tired like the others, so her eyes only stayed

open a few minutes longer than their's, blinking wistfully at the wide sky from under the hostel roof.

It should have been so simple, just to sit on a hill and watch the sun go down and the light fade, and see the hills lose form and colour as the stars shone out more thickly, and the near things grow visible like pale ghosts of their daylight selves, tall foxgloves dimly silver above the dark grasses ; listen for the single note of a bird disturbed in the hearth or in the shadows of cypresses; perhaps glimpse the white scut of a rabbit or catch the soft thud of its scampering feet. Would she want to think, or sing, or pray, or flee from the lonely silence or just stay and grow into the long still quiet ? How would the first songs of the birds sound before the light came ? And would the dawn be rosy-fingered or just increase of light ? And as the fields grew green and the rabbits took their final scuffle and the dew steamed under the sun she would go back to the houses and tramlines.

But when she woke up the sun was shining over the roofs, and the blue sky smiled at her teasingly because she had slept through the night.



MISS E. G. B-RR.

Some to church repair
Not for the doctrine.—*Pope*.

L. W. N-L-.

Write me down an ass.—*Much Ado*.

E. W. M-TTH-WS.

He was one of a lean body and visage.—*Holmes*.

G. G. WH-T-H-D.

How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low.—*King Lear*.

J. V. R-FF-L.

Phyllis is my only joy,
Sometimes smiling, sometimes coy.—*Seddon*.

VALETE.

G. G. WHITEHEAD.



OUR years he has grown in sun and shower, and, despite our occasional fears that he might wilt and droop like some tall tulip, Gerry's gracefully elongated form has never lost its charm and fascination. College next year will seem strange without him, for what can replace his boyish personality, his unruly locks and engaging smile, and, above all, his amiable yet inspiring presence at the head of Union affairs?

As President of the Union Gerry has more than fulfilled the hopes of those who elected him to office. He has spared no effort in making individual contact with as many members of the Union as possible, and, in this respect, has won a measure of success unattained by his predecessors. The field of his activities has been extremely wide, ranging from his passion for the Classics and the Ancient World, through many societies, to the cricket field, and extending even as far as Reading, where, we believe, he has considerable vested interests.

But Gerry is more than a figure-head. He is always ready for an argument, and the variety of topics on which he has expressed his views, with at times a minimum of knowledge, is unlimited. This argumentative bent is sometimes liable to give an entirely false impression, but his more intimate friends realize that his final opinions are always tempered by careful and well-balanced judgment, and that he does not talk for the sole pleasure of hearing his own voice.

It is with many regrets that we bid farewell to one who has brought so great a dignity to the Presidential office. Exactly how much he has done for College cannot be easily estimated, for the influence of the President is not something subject to arithmetical calculation. But there is no doubt that his influence for the good has been very great indeed; he has set a high standard which his successors may find difficult to maintain.

MISS N. M. MOORE.

Fulfilling one of her many capacities, Norah was heard to remark in an after-dinner speech, "We have one broad principle to follow." Her meaning then was misconstrued, but during her five years at College she has shown herself to be an enthusiastic pursuer and

upholder of College ideas and ideals. Much could she relate of those good old days when apathy towards College functions was a thing unknown. Perhaps we may find here the reason for that reminiscent smile which so often plays upon her face, in the academic atmosphere of the Dip. class.

Norah is well-known to the Student Community as vice-president of the Union; she will also be remembered by Montefiore Hall as one of its most capable and untiring presidents—but most of all may she claim distinction through her connection with the activities of the Choral Society. Possessed of an outstanding contralto voice, and a bent towards dramatic art, she set many admiring tongues wagging over her performances in such roles as, the Duchess, Katisha and the Fairy Queen. Next year, there will be an urgent S.O.S. for a “decent” contralto—but not only vocal efforts are involved—where shall we find another Lady Jane to sing with such poignant seriousness “Stouter than I used to be,” or another Fairy Queen to show as much ingenuity in Students’ Council matters as in parliamentary administration?

Nevertheless, we cannot selfishly wish her to devote her days to our amusement. We must, with a good grace, relinquish her to the teaching profession and wish her all success therein. But may she never be taken for “the propri-eter of a ladies’ semi-nary.”

H. L. CREETH.

Few of us in our early days at College could have visualised in Creeth,—then the abrupt, rugged and seemingly self-centred individualist, one who would eventually come to be the busiest and yet the cheeriest of men in College. But of those early days, and perhaps assumed characteristics, little indeed remains except a refreshing candour and naive sincerity.

For him, work in his many capacities, as Chairman of Stoneham, as Secretary and later as President of the Geographical Society, and in his connection with the College Rover Crew, has been of unflinching interest and more than a matter of mere routine, so that he gave only part of his time to the study of his degree subjects.

Always ready to assist in anything he appreciated, unselfish in his devotion to every cause he undertook and determined to see such things through, Leon has been an invaluable asset in every phase of student activity with which he has been associated.

But he can be very obtuse, and, at times, as Secretary of the Union he has done his best to conceal his efficiency in mental aberrations which usually result, after long periods of rumination, in his arrival at a conclusion, long after a matter has been settled and disposed of by the rest of his colleagues.

Although at times slow to grasp the possibilities and even the facts of a situation, yet Leon has more than compensated for this by his very directness and enthusiasm, "and looking at it broad . . . what's lost upon the roundabouts we pull up on the swings."

It has been our loss that we have been so late in realising his capabilities and, in valediction, may we hope he may find a wider field in which to give expression to the altruism which is so essentially a part of him.

L. BOSSOM.

Of all the men going down Boss is, perhaps, the most unlucky. He came to College five years ago and in his early days was content to allow nothing except the more usual frivolities to disturb the even tenor of his way. Few can remember now the mishap to the College VIII which resulted in his prolonged illness and absence from College.

On his return from his enforced exile Boss began gradually to emerge from his one-time seclusion and took an increasingly prominent part in Hall and Union affairs. As the present Chairman of New Hall, an office at no time a sinecure and now more than ever fraught with difficulty and anxiety, Boss has always shown consistent strength of purpose and sound judgment, and even in the most troublous times maintained that calm and unruffled exterior so characteristically his. Underneath, however, hidden from all but his most intimate friends, veiled in a cynical and often dogmatic manner, lies a very real diffidence and sensitiveness. At first difficult to approach, and always slow to make confidences, Boss is nevertheless a very loyal and sincere friend to many people both in and out of College who have come to rely upon him and value his opinion.

In bidding him farewell, may we wish him far better fortune than has been his lot amongst us.

J. F. A. GIBSON.

Gib. came to College three years ago with a passion for engineering, and his career since that date has been one long vindication of the aesthetic and administrative abilities latent in his much-maligned faculty. As a member of the Students' Council he occasionally removed his pipe to utter sage and learned advice, and, whether for reasons of allegiance to the 'old school tie,' or otherwise, could usually be relied upon to support the Chair. Gib's endless recreation was in the musical sphere, where he triumphed both on the operatic stage in two memorable 'Lytton' parts, and also in more serious choral and orchestral activities. At the same time he earned fame as the Choral Society's most efficient secretary, and, among Union secretaries, holds the record for "green forms." But College is at heart of the earth earthy, and we fear many will associate him most with his good offices as student representative in matters pertaining to the Refectory. Garages and midnight breakdown patrols on the Southampton—Winchester Road will also remember him. To one who always brought a sincere and overwhelming fund of enthusiasm and energy to all his activities—and they have been many—we bid a regretful farewell.

C. V. WINSOR.

With the going-down of Winsor New Hall, perhaps, will sustain the greatest loss. Gone will be the balanced judgment of one who associated himself in every way with College affairs; but his connection with New Hall has always been of a more intimate nature, and of late he has come to be regarded as one of the revered forefathers in our midst. Even those who have only known him this year will find it difficult to imagine New Hall without a man who combined efficiency with sociability, and who showed a will to please all with whom he came into contact.

But "Winnie"—or Charles as he was known to the chosen few,—was something much more. His character presented a study of endless interest. Ever ready to grasp at new ideas, however fragile, or however disturbing, he would discuss all kinds of fundamental problems with all types of people. Though at times illogical, his mind would occasionally send a flash of light into the remote corners of a question. Ever a good listener, he became the centre of a conversation group ranging from Engineers to mere Arts men;

and every one of the habitués of his room came away with an increased knowledge of human nature.

His experience on School Practice consolidated his character ; he is now less easily depressed, and his bursts of enthusiasm are fewer ; but the old charm of manner, combined with an increased tolerance, has placed "Winnie" in the position he holds and deserves—that of one of the most respected figures in the whole of College.

V. J. BARNES.

"Joss" has been a figure in College since his Fresher days. His hair—a notable feature ! his dress, except for one notorious sweater so sartorially exact, and his manner, so reminiscent of his dress, may be summed up in one word—elegant. Whether distributing food to the hungry mob in Hall, or charming the female sex in refectory—a weak point with him !—or gracing the dance floor with his presence, the easy confidence of the perfect gentleman was always obvious. This attitude may have caused many foolish people to draw wrong conclusions. Actually he had many more important qualities. Most games he played with ease and enjoyment ; in all College affairs he took a conspicuous part ; and furthermore, he had a really serious side to his character which only the privileged few might behold. Fortune has a way of smiling on some people ; "Joss" is one of these ; it is therefore almost superfluous to wish him the best of luck.

H. T. E. MILES.

In the early days of his College life "Horace" was known only to a few and Miles was just another junior. But to those three of us who knew him it was apparent even then that he would one day edit the *West Saxon* and that he would remain always an admirer but never an emulator of Woolley. It is along those two paths that he has steadily progressed ; but not to the exclusion of all else, for a more typical student has possibly not been known at U.C.S.—conscientious in his work yet finding time for participation in and giving help to the various student functions. Now at the close of his College career he is, in fact, Editor of the *West Saxon*, an unenviable job ; captain and mainstay of the 2nd XI cricket ; a creditable dancer when dancing is not his métier ; a well-known and generally liked figure in College and the possessor of a generous sense of humour which we who stay on shall miss.

MISS M. F. GOMMER.

For four years Mary has successfully "swum" her way through College life, and with her departure, we shall lose one of our most familiar and popular figures. In particular, she has achieved fame as the efficient captain of the little band of women who devote their time largely to aquatic sport, but her interests have been widespread, including far more than purely athletic activities. From time to time she has figured prominently on the stage, with such success that we wished that she had more frequently revealed her histrionic powers. She could adjust herself admirably to widely differing parts, and we shall not readily forget the forbidding Victorian aunt of "A Bill of Divorcement," or the "dainty little fairy" of the "Iolanthe" chorus. As a dancer, too, she frequently led the way and has been one of the most ardent supporters of Soirées and lunch-hour activities.

As President of Montefiore Hall she has proved a most successful and indefatigable organiser, and a sympathetic and kindly friend. We regret the loss already incurred by her enforced exile at Brighton this term, and wish her, with confidence, all success and prosperity in the future.

MISS F. M. BARNES.

Frieda has spent four years at College in trying to be mysterious. In this she has succeeded admirably. It is doubtful whether anyone has ever really understood her properly and we might suggest that perhaps she does not quite understand herself. This attitude has had curious results and has led to innumerable misjudgments. Very aloof and reserved in her first two years she has often laid herself open to entirely erroneous condemnation by those who rely on external appearances alone; however, this diffidence has, of late, largely disappeared, and she can no longer hold claims to a certain chilly nickname by which she was once known among men students. But this mysteriousness is not confined to things personal; it also applies to things intellectual. She successfully deluded most of us, even the sage oracles to whose keeping our immature minds are entrusted, into believing that she would gain but a precarious foothold on the lower rungs of the academic ladder. Thus we Philistines who glory in the unexpected, and derive a malicious joy from beholding the downfall of the wise, were delighted when Frieda found herself perched triumphantly on the very top of that ladder which she had hardly hoped to climb. Her future is as incomprehensible

to us as is the innermost recess of her mind ; but we wish her well, and hope that she will continue to upset the calculations of those who are misguided enough to think that "they know."

MISS R. E. TURNER.

There are probably few people who have pursued their way through College with such quiet efficiency and modesty, and yet contributed so much to its life and activities as Rosa. On memorable occasions, certainly, she has cast from her her air of retirement and revealed something of her exceptional talent for entertaining, to the joy of enthusiastic audiences. Then, before we quite realised who this brilliant personality was, she has slipped from our grasp back into her habitual reserve.

As a comedienne, both on the stage and in daily life, she has been unrivalled in her time, excelling in stage and operatic productions, and also in more informal Hall entertainments, while on more than one occasion she has shown a fine gift for more serious acting.

Rosa has unobtrusively held a number of important offices during her time at College, and, in particular, will be missed by the members of Monte., for whom she has done much. Among the small circle of people who were privileged to know her well, her popularity has been great, and all members of College will join in wishing good luck to one who has done much to bring out the 'humour in all things.'

D. HANDLEY (Second Edition).

Owing to some differences of opinion with certain academic gentlemen in regard to the finer points of engineering, Tommy has been with us yet another year. He has lived in much the same way, that is, he has drunk not infrequently of the cup which cheers before it inebriates ; has shown a peculiar affection for the subtler forms of equestrian entertainment ; and recently has found "fresh fields and pastures new" in a direction we had hardly thought possible. His moustache, however, still remains, and reminds us of that old Tommy whose vocal ejaculations are proof enough that the "tongue that Shakespeare spake" is capable of infinite richness and variety.



" IOLANTHE."



THE Choral and Operatic Society produced Gilbert & Sullivan's "Iolanthe" in the Assembly Hall, University College, Southampton during the week ending March 2nd, 1935.

This was the second occasion in the history of the Society that "Iolanthe" has been produced under the musical direction of Mr. D. Cecil Williams. On the former occasion (in 1929), the Society was comparatively rich in talent and it was generally held to be their best production up to that time. "Iolanthe" is one of the most successful of the Gilbert & Sullivan Operas from the point of view of amateur production, and the response to this particular performance was marked.

It is, however, no part of a spectator to criticise this fantastic production of Gilbert's peculiar genius. Rather must he accept whatever situations may be presented without question, and revel without captiousness to Sullivan's musical pleasantries; one may say sincerely that the performance made this possible.

After a shaky beginning, in which one was almost brought back with a shock to the hard realities of the College Assembly Hall, one could easily be swept away to the country where Lord Chancellors and fairies beget Liberal Unionists, so that even an audience of undergraduates accepted without murmur a proposal to extend the scope of competitive examination. Had one been looking for faults, one might have noticed that Private Willis (H. A. Smith) would have aroused a caustic comment from even the Sergt.-Major of the local Territorials; that the peers laughed like costermongers at a low joke; that Lord Mountarat had a "roving eye" almost worthy of Jack Hulbert, and that the Lord Chancellor (J. F. A. Gibson) would have made a most convincing clergyman.

But these were trifles, and, instead, one saw that Phyllis (Miss E. M. B. I. Hughes) was a charming shepherdess, with no apparent sheep, but a delightful voice, that Mountarat (R. T. Keleher) nearly converted a complete audience to die-hard Toryism, and that Iolanthe was demure enough to move the hearts of harder people than the "Law's true embodiment."

Phyllis was, indeed, gay and sprightly throughout and she acted and sang with an enthusiasm which was catching. The Fairy Queen (Miss N. M. Moore) carried a large number of adornments with

dignity and even hauteur ; though one remark in her libretto had a meaning Gilbert never dreamed of. She made the Fairy Queen's song, in spite of its absurd words, something quite impressive. Strephon (K. J. Newman) looked very pretty (unfortunately that is the only word that is adequate), though he caused a few anxious moments when he was singing. Mountarat stole the thunder of some of the other principals, but repeated encores for his song were a deserved tribute to good singing in a cast where the standard of male singing generally was not very high. The Lord Chancellor was no slavish imitation of Sir Henry Lytton (an ideal of too many amateurs), but his rather unorthodox style was definitely successful. Iolanthe (Miss R. E. Turner) acted very well and Tolloller (A. R. Smith) was very useful both behind the scenes and in front.

With regard to the chorus, the fairies were remarkably dainty and the peers were hearty enough and quite well organised in their semi-military manoeuvres. Mr. Williams conducted with his usual sure touch (the tempo was possibly a little slow in the early stages) and the wind-instruments at least seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

The scenery was a little disappointing. The first scene, usually the best of any of the Gilbert & Sullivan Operas, did not gain from its autumn shades and but for the "Masonry," the second scene might have been St. James' Park—after dark.

It is the natural inclination, looking back on a performance of this kind, to recall any oddities or little deficiencies, but there is another side to remember. At least one member of the audience found the illusion sufficiently strong to be completely carried away ; to be able to laugh spontaneously at the jokes, however well-known ; and to find in the tuneful melodies a delightful freshness which was almost rejuvenating, and for that he would like to thank everybody concerned.



MISS M. D. SC-TT.

Shy she was and I thought her cold.—*Tennyson.*

U.C.S.

Love's a thing that's never out of season.—*Barry Cornwall.*

H. R. D-WN-R.

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.—*A Winter's Tale.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

DEAR SIR,



THE rights and freedom of the individual within College have frequently been a common subject for discussion among those who recognize some obscure connection between politics and personal happiness. Thus authoritative restrictions have been repeatedly attacked,—we have deplored the conservative and emulative spirit that demands the wearing of academic insignia to cover our paucity of erudition under a cloak of many shreds; we have observed with horror the reactionary convention that compels the poor student to sit obediently, though often lethargically, at the feet of the exalted dispensers of worn-out and decrepit learning; and we have not infrequently raised our futile cry against the ascetic tradition that believes that “mens sana” can be cultivated “in corpore sano” with a minimum of palatable vitamins. But we never dreamed that our “crowning glory” could be taken away from us, so that we might easily be mistaken for inmates of even less reputable penitentiaries than our own. Yet what other conclusions can we draw when we see an eminent member of our community perambulating our ancestral cloisters blatantly displaying an undoubtedly Teutonic tonsure? Of course, we may be wrong, but is this not yet another attack upon our privileges from some insidious source as yet unknown?

Yours,

In extremis,

ARBITER ELEGANTiarUM.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

SIR,

May I through your magazine draw attention to a practice which seems to be increasing very rapidly in College, and which I feel wastes much of the valuable space of your publication.

I refer to the encouragement given to certain sections of our literary dilettantes who regularly contribute articles. It seems to me that they belong to the class of pseudo literary writers, who, although they really have nothing to write about, feel the urge to appear in print irresistible. It is this fact that brings about their downfall. Although they have nothing of weight or interest to

communicate they feel that even the most insignificant people in College must, in some way, be induced to read their witless ramblings. Owing to the anonymity of your influential organ it is a little difficult to disclose to the general body these . . . people, but I think that the subject of Communism, into which they dip most frequently, should warn the prospective reader that such a person is about to inflict himself on us once more. I would, therefore, like to suggest that articles dealing with Communism should be omitted for the present generation or so, as they insidiously present Communism, in most cases, as the 'be all and end all' of our social aims, and further they are generally, if not insincere, inaccurate, a point which I feel is not fully appreciated by all our youthful constituents and babes in arms, who are at College looking for some interest which will bring them a much wanted notoriety and publicity, which is so often misplaced in this seat of learning.

I am, Sir,

Yours most humbly,

"DISILLUSIONED."

The Editor, West Saxon,

DEAR SIR,

We are interested to see in the pages of your superior contemporary 'Wessex' a notice of the performance of the Stage Society of the play "*A Bill of Divorcement* by Clement Dane." We had not hitherto realised the interest which the Church was taking in this vital problem and hope that there may be some further help forthcoming, possibly from the pen of St. Mary-le-Strand.

Yours sincerely,

MARITUS.

MISS E. H-I-D-R.

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said a spider to a fly.

—*Mary Howlett.*

MISS H. S-I-L-L-R.

She lookt as butter would not melt in her mouth.—*Heywood.*

H. P. W-L-K-R.

Two strings to his bow.—*Butler.*

THE STUDENTS' UNION.

We feel that in the past students have not been sufficiently cognisant of Union affairs, and therefore we are taking this opportunity of giving a brief survey of the activities of the Union during the past session.

There have been many changes of late. We are gradually realizing our ambition to become a university both materially and spiritually. First, there is the new Turner Sims Library, a noble building, which has added dignity and provided a more adequate scope for real scholarship. This, although not specifically a student activity has, nevertheless, contributed much to the efforts of the Students' Council, whose chief aim this year has been to promote greater contact with and to raise our status among the British universities.

In this direction we are glad to report that the President has been elected to the Finance Committee of the N.U.S. This, as far as we know, is the first time that U.C.S. has been represented on this important student committee.

Another step towards establishing friendlier relations between ourselves and other Colleges was made by the institution of a Union Ball, which was held in connection with the Inter-Varsity Debate on January 26th. We were pleased to welcome delegates from Manchester, Leeds, Cardiff, Birmingham, Exeter, London School of Economics, King's College, University College, Bedford College, London, and also the President of the N.U.S., all of whom acknowledged the success of this function, which encourages us to make it an annual event. After our own Union Ball we have endeavoured to send representatives to similar functions elsewhere, but have been unable to make full use of our opportunities for reasons of economy.

So much for external affairs. Within College itself the Union has been no less active. On Friday and Saturday, November 30th and December 1st, the Stage Society produced *A Bill of Divorcement* by Clemence Dane, which, although a difficult play for an amateur company, was, nevertheless, well received. On March 1st and 2nd, the Choral and Orchestral Society presented Gilbert & Sullivan's *Iolanthe* to unusually large and appreciative audiences.

The Debating Society has had a successful session. Speakers from the floor have been more numerous than formerly, and this

was commented on by our visitors at the I.V.D. We have also had a Debate with an American team besides the regular Saturday morning meetings.

Although not so outstandingly successful in Athletics as in former years we have maintained a regular high standard, and the interests of the Union generally in the achievement of the various clubs has been very encouraging.

Lastly, we come to a very important point. The Students' Council undertook the onerous task of revising the whole Constitution at the beginning of the session. For this purpose a Sub-Committee was appointed. At the time of going to press the Constitution has not yet been discussed and ratified by the Union, but copies of it are available for all to read so that they can offer any amendments and suggestions.

We hope to continue this practice in the future, and give a brief resumé of Union affairs in the Summer Term issue of the *West Saxon*.





MONTEFIORE HALL.



MONTEFIORE has nothing spectacular to report except that its furnished apartment in U.C.S. has now turned into an apartment. Even the rubbish has no fixed abode.

It may be interesting to note, however, that Monte. showed itself particularly active in the Opera last term. In fact, it met most frequently as the Women's Chorus, and the 'Montefiore Room after 1 p.m.' was scorned for the hardly more cheerful Assembly Hall.

Speaking of Assembly Halls, we were pleased to entertain Russell Hall therein on March 9th, and venture to hope that they enjoyed themselves as much as we did; and this term with their co-operation we are about to offer tea to the Staff at the same rendezvous.

RUSSELL HALL.

We hear,

1. that the entertainment—dancing and otherwise—was much enjoyed.
2. that Highfield are having an "At Home" soon, for which we thank them in advance.

We know,

1. that Russell men enjoyed the hospitality of Montefiore Hall quite recently.
2. that the combined effort of Russell and Montefiore to make the Staff relax at tea was not much of an effort, since little was needed, and that it was a great success.

We think, 1. that on the whole, this has been quite a successful session.

HIGHFIELD HALL.

After going gay with an Entertainment in the Autumn Term, Highfield retired into its shell to emerge again this term with two new tennis courts which are to be opened by Mrs. Vickers at the Garden Party on June 4th. This will be an opportunity for more people to see our garden, which has been looking most attractive all the session, thanks especially to the efforts of our Assistant-Warden and her gardening squad.

An innovation this session has been a series of talks on interesting topics, the first of which was given by the Principal. Other speakers were Mrs. Ford, Miss Craven and Dr. Winifred Cullis. The visit from the President of the Union brought this series of talks to a fitting conclusion. We hope that these talks will be a regular feature of Highfield's corporate life.

SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

Stoneham changes only in retrospect, and this term has shown no outward departure from the normal appearance. We do not, however, remain entirely passive, and it must be noted that a movement has been set afoot to emulate the Union and revise the Constitution—Oh yes, we *have* got a democratic system of government!—but for the results of these labours we must wait until a future date.

In the Summer Term more than any other we come to thank the powers that provided us with a Hall set in a garden such as we possess. So far we have not been able to invite others to share these pleasures, but the Warden hopes to be "at home" before the end of term.

NEW HALL.

First we should like to offer a belated greeting to our new Warden who, since the New Year when he took office, has entered into the true spirit of the Hall, and is by now, we hope, happily settled amongst us.

With the installation of a new refrigerator we are keeping pace with developments in the other Halls, but we feel we have distinguished ourselves by the acquisition of a chef. Could the other Halls taste to the full the results of such an experiment, doubtless they

would follow our lead, as usual.—For these and many other blessings, and much of the continued success of the Hall, we are indebted to Miss Morrison, who has made unceasing efforts on our behalf.

Finally, we are deeply touched and honoured that the College authorities should deem our poor Quad. worthy of a Totem Pole. We are sure that it will serve as a rallying point for all future revolutions in New Hall.

And so, for the last time, we leave you.





BOAT CLUB.

The Boat Club looks back on the Easter term as one of the most successful in its history. Starting the Session with but two of last year's crew, by the end of last term we had built up a crew which, according to our President, was the fastest the Club has ever had. More than this, the 2nd VIII was undoubtedly a far better crew than any of its predecessors. At last we seem to have done away with the fallacious idea that "brute force" is the most important attribute of an oarsman. Much of the improvement is due to the increased enthusiasm of the senior members of the Club in coaching the less experienced.

On February 9th we amply avenged our defeat by Bristol University in the Christmas term. The 1st VIII and the 2nd VIII in the form of two IV's won their three races quite comfortably; the results indicate the great improvement of the crews during the first weeks of the term.

Our next opponents were Reading University on February 16th. The 1st VIII rowed at Reading and just lost a very hard race to a much heavier and somewhat more experienced crew. This defeat was somewhat counter-balanced by the very fine performance of our 3rd IV in defeating the corresponding Reading crew at home.

On March 9th the 1st and 2nd VIII's both took part in triangular contests with King's College and Queen Mary College on the Thames. The 1st VIII defeated Queen Mary by 4 lengths with King's a further length behind. The 2nd VIII had an even easier race, winning by 8 and 16 lengths respectively. The appalling weather conditions, extreme cold, strong head wind and some very rough water are likely to remain in our memories for a long time.

We made our final effort for the term in the Head of the River race. It took place a week after the end of the term, so we spent an extra week in Southampton to train for it. In the actual race we did not reach our best form, although we finished considerably higher than in any previous year. The 2nd VIII did extraordinarily well and finished in a higher position in the Clinker Division. They would like to take this opportunity of expressing their appreciation of Mr. Hiscock's advice in the final steps of their training.

Imminent examinations make it impossible to train for any races this term, so our energies are now confined to building up a crew for next year. Our prospects seem to be particularly bright, as only three members of this year's crew definitely do not expect to be here next season. We are further encouraged by our membership being higher this term than ever before.

In conclusion we would like to express our sincere gratitude to the Principal for purchasing the latest addition to our fleet.

CROSS-COUNTRY.

We have not had a brilliant season, but it has not been so disastrous as seemed likely at the beginning of the year. Lawrence and Bagwell have maintained consistently good form throughout the season, while the rest of the team has been 'packing' much better recently.

The first year men, especially Kallenberger, have given the team good support, and should form the nucleus of a good pack next year.

Results :—

S. Jan. 19	A.	Triangular	Winchester T.C.	2	Lost
			Reading University	1	
			U.C.S.	3	
W. Jan. 30	H.	R.A.F. Calshot	Won 58—85
S. Feb. 2	A.	Quadrangular	Reading	...	1 46½
			Bristol	...	2 77½
			Exeter	...	3 81
			U.C.S.	...	4 101
S. Feb. 9	H.	Trojans (Newport)	Draw 39—39
S. „ 23	A.	Goldsmiths College	Won 29—53
W. „ 27	H.	R.A.F. Lee-on-Solent	Won 24—70

MEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.

Compared with previous years' performances the season so far has been one of outstanding success, particularly for the water polo team. Last year out of fifteen water polo matches only one was won. This year two of the three matches lost have been against the Hampshire Champions and their runners-up. Briefly, the results are as follows :—

						<i>Goals</i>	
	<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Agst.</i>	
Water Polo.	6	3	3	—	19	15	
Swimming.	7	6	1	—			

But these results could be considerably improved, for at present the Club is being represented by only eight or nine enthusiastic members. This is a very small fraction of the number of people who signed up at the beginning of the session, and it is hoped that before the end of the season more interest will be shown by other talented swimmers of this College.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

On the whole the 1934-35 season was quite successful. The beginning was disappointing, for two members of the first XI had to drop out, and it took some time for the newly arranged team to settle down. But Inter-Varsity matches were more successful than in previous years. In the Christmas term we beat Exeter, and in the Easter term Reading, although we lost to Bristol. However, it was a hard fought game.

The Area Hockey Sports arranged by the Hampshire Women's Hockey Association took place at Winchester, on February 16th. We gained most points, beating Winchester by 4 in the events, which consisted of various team races, such as dribbling the ball, flicking balls into buckets, and shooting at tins.

There was a marked improvement in the standard of play during the season, and as most of the team will be returning next year we may look forward hopefully to next season.

Our 2nd XI were very keen and won most of their matches, but they were unfortunate in having several of their matches scratched during the Easter term.

Results :—Played 14, Won 8, Lost 6.

Goals for 75, Goals against 74.

A.F.C.

We will not disguise our feelings. We hoped to emulate the U.A.U. performances of last year's team, and although the season has been generally successful, the results of the two U.A.U. Championship matches were disappointing.

We have played throughout the season without a recognised centre-forward. Various men have been tried, but we cannot pretend that the position has been adequately filled. Our chief difficulties, however, have been caused through injury. In the first match of the term, V. J. Barnes received a knee injury, and has not played since; we offer him our sympathy in his unfortunate accident. In the three following matches, we were compelled through injury to play three different left-backs! So much for the effects of injury.

The team has played excellent football on numerous occasions. The U.A.U. game at Bristol was lost by 2-4. In the first half, our play reached a high standard in spite of the treacherous conditions, but after the interval, the heavier Bristol team played better as the conditions became worse.

A fine sporting game against Goldsmith's College was won by 1-0, the result being a fair reflection on the game.

The 2nd and 3rd elevens have been very successful, although the teams have been continually changed owing to members of the 2nd XI being required for the 1st XI.

However, it's an ill wind that—. Many of the younger players have gained valuable 1st XI experience, and (exams. permitting) nine of the "original" 1st XI will be at College next session.

Thus we may justifiably conclude on an optimistic note, hoping for better things next season.

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC CLUB.

This term it has been difficult to get a team together, as so few of last year's members were available. However, in spite of small numbers, the Club manages to carry on through the keenness of its members, and we should like to make an appeal for more women to come along and support us. Apart from the College Sports we have had only one match and the Hants. Inter-Collegiate Sports. Though defeated by Portsmouth Atalanta Athletic Club, by 21 pts. to 15 pts. we were by no means discouraged, and hope to give them a good return match.

The Hants. Inter-Collegiate Sports were particularly exciting this year, several records being broken. We were defeated by Portsmouth Municipal College by 19½ pts. to 13½ pts., but put up a good show, gaining 1st places in the 220 yds. and Long Jump, and 2nds in the 100 yds. 440 yds. and High Jump.



CHESS CLUB.

DURING the past season, the Chess Club has been somewhat handicapped owing to the lack of experienced players. The members of the teams have, however, been very enthusiastic, and enthusiasm has compensated for inexperience. The nature of our successes reflects on the type of practice obtained—it was the Southampton Chess League Lightning Tournament that showed the direction in which our greatest ability lay. The team and individual awards in division I were secured by the 'A' team, while the 'B' team finished second in division II only one point behind the winners.

Our League results more than fulfilled our expectations of the early part of the season. The 'A' team finished 4th in division I, having won 4 matches, drawn 2, and lost 4. Three of these matches were lost by the narrow margin of $3\frac{1}{2}-2\frac{1}{2}$, and our board average was second only to that of the winning team. After a keen struggle, the 'B' team secured top place in division 2, winning 7 matches and losing 3. The 'C' team was 5th, winning 3 matches and losing 7.

Internally, the chess ladder proved very popular, and had to be extended to make room for a total of about 25 players. The practice obtained in this way, together with the experience of league games should be very helpful to those who will be playing again next season, and we look forward with confidence to greater success.

GIRL GUIDE CLUB.

In spite of the smallness of our numbers our first year as a Club has been very successful. We have had five meetings during the year and are very grateful to those who led our discussions. In the Autumn term Mrs. Clarence Smith spoke to us on the Aims of Guiding, and in the Spring term Mrs. Anderson, the Southampton Divisional Commissioner, spoke on Brownies, and Miss Chappell, Captain of the Grammar School "A" Company, gave a very helpful talk on "Running a Company." This term we have had a visit from the Hon. Mrs. Stuart-Wartley, the Hampshire County Commissioner, who told us of her recent visit to India. We hope to have a hike after Finals as our last meeting.

As we have had fewer meetings, we have been able to take a more active part in Guide activities in the town. Members have been assisting with companies at the Deanery School and St. Denys, and we were represented at the Southampton Jubilee Celebrations.

Those of us who are going down this year wish the Club every success in the future.

ROVER CREW.

Rovers this term have had a busy time.

On the second Sunday of term, we had the honour of a visit from Lord Mottistone, President of the Hampshire and Isle of Wight Scouts, and of the College. He attended the Investiture ceremony, (taken by Mr. Green, A.D.C.), held in St. Mary's Church, South Stoneham, the Rovers' Own in the grounds afterwards, and gave a short talk on the foundations of Scouting. About 70 Rovers from various parts of Hampshire were present, and the President was warmly thanked afterwards.

Then came the Rally at Ridgemount, Bassett, on May 25th. We were called upon to produce the ideas for two pageants for Rovers, and perform one of them. This meant that we acted a pageant "Crossing the Line,"—to the great amusement of the crowd, as one of our number was thrown into a tank of dirty water to produce realistic effects. The other pageant, "King Canute," was also a great success.

The next activity is the Whitsun Camp. It is expected that we shall be taking to camp with us the sixteen Scouts of St. Mark's Troop. The site, and any other particulars, are not yet available.

We take this opportunity, the last this session, of wishing the three Rovers who are leaving us for wider spheres, Godspeed in their greater missions, and the very best wishes from the whole Crew.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

It is our pleasure to welcome to the Society its new President, A. R. Hockley, B.Sc. In the short time that he has been with us he has shown an enthusiasm which promises well for our future.

We must also thank Mr. Williams, A.R.P.S., for his interesting lecture, "In Search of Sunshine" and Mr. C. Lambeth for bringing and working his projector.

At the end of the Spring Term the Society held a series of Lunch Hour Demonstrations intended to help those who had not had much experience with the practical side of the subject. We feel that these meetings were justified by the support which they received and hope that those who attended them will be enabled to take better photographs this Summer and to take an active part in next Session's activities.

All members of the College will be welcomed as members next Session, when we hope to commence our programme with an Exhibition.

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The Biological Society has had a very successful series of meetings in the past Session and the Committee desires to thank all those who have helped to make them worth while.

This year there has been a more liberal interpretation of the word 'Biological' with the result that Zoology has had a fairer share of the Society's attention than it has done in the past. The lectures have also been somewhat less technical than previously.

We feel that this change of policy has been appreciated and, so far as can be judged by the attendance on Friday evenings, think that it has been justified.

CHORAL SOCIETY.

Since the last issue of the *West Saxon* the Choral Society has produced *Iolanthe* as its annual operatic performance. We leave it to other hands to say whether it was a success or not and to comment on its details, but if our appreciative audiences enjoyed our presentation of Gilbert's undying wit and Sullivan's delightful music half as much as every member of the Society enjoyed presenting it, then, to quote the Lord Chamberlain, "Success has crowned our efforts."

Since that display of genuine light-heartedness we have directed

our energies along a much more serious and difficult path, for our esteemed conductor, Mr. D. Cecil Williams has set us the formidable task of preparing no less a work than Brahms's Requiem for the Summer Symphony Concert. We are now busy with the final rehearsals of this beautiful work, and we trust that the standard of the Choral Society's performance on Friday, May 31st, will in no way fall below that of former years.

The Society has this year to make a regretful farewell to two of its most enthusiastic and successful members, Miss N. M. Moore and Miss E. W. B. I. Hughes. Miss Moore has the glorious record of having played five principal contralto parts, the Duchess of Plaza Toro, Dame Carruthers, Katisha, Lady Jane and the Fairy Queen. Miss Hughes has been our 'Prima Donna' for the past three years, and has played with increasing success the parts of Yum-Yum, Patience and Phyllis. We wish them the best of luck, and hope that some other Gilbert & Sullivan Society may have the good fortune to count them among its members.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Last term is a long way off now but we still remember the Squash held at a friend's house on Sunday, March 3rd. This event, the first of its kind, was a great success.

Encouraged by this, we had a similar meeting this term when Dr. Wright, formerly of Cambridge, gave a practical and inspiring address which has resulted in Prayer Meetings of greater value to all who have attended. The only other outside speaker we have had this term was Dr. Johnson, Gen. Sec. of I.V.F., who, at a pre-terminal tea, spoke to members on the subject of "Prayer." We have just started correspondence with a missionary in China, but as that country is some way off we have not yet received a letter, but shall have news to report next term.

During the Easter Vacation we were able to send a delegate to the I.V.F. Conference at Swanwick. The ideas and enthusiasm gained there have been a great stimulus to the Union's activities.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

In November last Mr. S. P. Harris (an Old Hartleyan) gave the Society an informative lecture on the empirical application of chemistry (and some physics) to the Petroleum industry. He told us how the Institute of Petroleum Technologists said petrol was to be

distilled when undergoing tests ; how the I.P.T. defined anti-knock value ; what it said about viscosity, calorific value and so on. It was a thoroughly enjoyable lecture, made more interesting by lantern slides of apparatus used in tests and of samples of the wares produced by the Lecturer's firm, Shell-Mex.

On Tuesday afternoon, February 5th, a party of 16 paid a visit to Brickwood's Brewery, Portsmouth. An admirable guide showed us the processes of brewing from start to finish, packets of hops, mash-tun, hop-back, refrigerators, fermenting pans, filters, bottling, even the sample room !

Professor C. K. Ingold, F.R.S. (another O.H.) gave a lecture on "Heavy Hydrogen" to a large and appreciative audience, on February 15th, when our President, Dr. Boyd, was in the Chair. He explained its history, its mechanics and its properties. Dr. Wilson, who came down from London with Professor Ingold demonstrated a few of the properties of two "heavy hydrogen" compounds.

On February 22nd, Mr. B. K. Blount of Oxford lectured on "Alkaloids." He showed these interesting compounds in a new light and brought out many connections between various members of this group of compounds which are not normally noticed. His lecture was much appreciated by those present.

The work of the Admiralty Chemist was explained to us on March 5th, by F. G. Edmed, Esq., O.B.E., F.I.C. He told us of the system of the Admiralty Chemical Department and of a few of the jobs which the chemist is called upon to solve. The work is apparently not without its dangers, but it certainly has variety.

The Excise Chemist has a quieter, but none the less an interesting life, as we learned from the interesting lecture by W. F. Waters, Esq., B.Sc., A.I.C., of the Customs House Laboratories, Southampton. He explained to members of the Society the work of this department of the Government Laboratories, and very kindly brought along and explained apparatus used in his work.

So ends another session, and we must now leave you, wishing the new secretary and his committee a successful session in 1935-36.

TOC H. L.W.H.

At the second of last term's four meetings Lady Forster presented us with our Rushlight, so that we have now become a Group. Mrs. Ford talked on Workhouses to a meeting that we threw open to the whole of the Hall. Some of us had a rather anxious time helping to prepare

the pantomime, but the Toc H. blokes were very good, and seemed to enjoy prancing about in running shorts and butter muslin.

This term we have had one meeting, at which Miss Monica Hill initiated the first eight members.

We welcome anyone and are glad of opposition that will enliven talks. Dr. Lawton, and Jack Clark of the Hostel for Seafaring Men have promised to talk to us this term.

TOC H. SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE GROUP.

A membership which has doubled since the beginning of the session, and the prospect, if the fates are kind, of very few losses in July, are bright features of the Group's report for this term. Most of the normal group activities have been fully maintained, though the effects of finals are beginning to be felt in the matter of jobs. A series of speakers on topics ranging from Douglas Social Credit and Fascism to Sir Malcolm Campbell and Borstal Institutions has enlivened meetings during the last two terms.

The Group would like to congratulate the Highfield Toc H.—L.W.H. unit on attaining full status and obtaining their Rushlight.

Next year we hope to continue our activities with increased strength striving as far as we are able "to think fairly" in the present and "to build bravely" for those who will follow us.

RIFLE CLUB.

The University College Rifle Club has at last been formed and is applying for affiliation to the S.M.R.C. After a false start last year it now holds fairly regular meetings on the range, and so far the attendance and the quality of the tyro shooting has been good. No subscription has been levied this term and the cost of ammunition is 4d. for 10 rounds, cards free. Our rifles, which have been loaned to us by Mr. F. W. Anderson, are in first-class condition. The floor of the range, in particular the firing point and the lighting apparatus, is being improved.

Next year students will have a first class range, the opportunity for serious and unlimited practice, and a good start towards a team which will shoot in the Inter-Varsity Miniature Rifle Competition.

It is hoped that all students interested will join the Club and add to its capital, so that our own rifles may be purchased and a flourishing organisation established.

THE SOCIALIST SOCIETY.

The Socialist Society has had a very busy and successful session. On January 25th, Mr. Tyerman gave us an admirably clear exposition of the factors involved in the question of the Saar. Mr. Cameron gave us, on February 8th, a convincing defence of the United Front policy, including a brief survey of the policy in other European countries. The Government's Unemployment Bill was the subject of Gilbert White's talk on February 19th, in which he gave many facts of interest concerning the administration of Unemployment Relief. On the anniversary of the burning of the books by the Nazi Government in Berlin, Mr. Cameron spoke on May 16th, on the subject of Fascism in general, with particular reference to the significance of the situation in England. As an antidote to the United Front speech on February 8th, A. L. Rowse, M.A., Fellow of All Soul's, Oxford, spoke on 'Lessons of Post-War Politics,' on Saturday, May 25th, and attacked the attitude of the Communists and the I.L.P. Perhaps the most important of our activities this session has been the part we shared with the S.C.M. and L.N.U. in organising a meeting addressed by Professor Betts to protest against the Government's proposals to treble the Air Force and to institute measures of defence (sic) against air attack. The Music Studio was packed beyond its capacity, and Professor Betts's speech was greeted with great enthusiasm.

DEBATES NOTES.

The I.V.D. of 'Thirty-Five
Was not especially alive.
Youth found supporters easily
In Birmingham and L.S.E.
But youth was a point that seemed to fester
With Mr. Tredennick and Miss Chester—
Enthusiasms go too far,
Experiences much better are.
One and twenty folk or more
Poured their thoughts out from the floor.
Cardiff closed for the opposition
And Leeds summed up for the proposition.
The opposition then did win it—
(I'd say more if I could read the minute).
To Mr. Goss our thanks are due
For the able way he saw it through.

The Union Ball was a great success
And it beat the Debate, I must confess.
One more debate we had since then
—Proposed, the women, defended, men—
That manners here are very bad,
That we've lost the grace our fathers had.
The motion lost, for we know we are,
If less polite, much truthfulla.
The Americans came and spoke this May,
And Southampton knew not what to say,
For the speakers comprehended not
That they were talking awful rot.
This season of speech has now closed down,
But we urge you all, O Southamptown,
To stir yourselves, get up and hustle
And hide your light under no bushel,
But speak next session, pour it forth,
And spout for all you're damn well worth.





